

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. I.

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NO. 10.

### REFLECTOR.

It is the decree of heaven that the exclusive selfish man shall be miserable even in this world. As he never gives love to any man, he never can receive a return of love. He is at war with the general good of his species, and is therefore the common enemy of mankind! His money may command attentions and even procure the outward show of respect—but he can never receive the homage of an unbought smile; or the warm tribute of a grateful heart. Wealth is too poor to purchase love—and power is not strong enough to enchain affection. The eye may feel abashed in the presence of grandeur—the lips may chaunt the praise of affluence; the knee may bend in homage before the splendor of authority—but the heart is above all bribe, and will give its affections to goodness alone.—The selfish man is therefore shut out from all that gives grace and value to life, all that makes life a blessing—for what is extensive worth to him who has no man's confidence, no man's sympathy, no man's love!

We must learn to be kindly affectionate towards our fellow men, to be sincerely interested in their happiness, to forbear with them, to forgive their foibles, to forget their injuries, to bear their burdens of sorrow and infirmity. It is delightful to contemplate, and as far in our power to increase, the happiness of others.

### RESOLUTIONS FOR THE SABBATH.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

1. To rise early, and in order to do it, to go to sleep early on Saturday.
2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.
3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week, and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.
4. To read the scriptures methodically, with such helps as are at hand.
5. To go to church twice.
6. To read books of divinity, either speculative or practical.
7. To instruct my family.
8. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week.

Such were the resolutions of him whose intellectual powers have made him the most illustrious ornament of the literary world.

### ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From Allison's Sermons.

"There is an eventide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, & the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the Autumn is the most analogous; and much it becomes and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and

with them, not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and propose yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

"It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you in these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures and those still waters, where there is an eternal spring for the children of God."

### BIOGRAPHY.

From the time of the Hon. Edward Hopkins, one of the earliest governors of Connecticut, the name has been frequently distinguished by several men of eminence. A branch of the family removed from Hartford to Waterbury in 1680, in which town, in the parish, now called Salem, Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS, was born June 19, 1750. The Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D. the distinguished theologian, was a native of the same town, and a cousin of his father's. Dr. Lemuel Hopkins began the study of his profession under Dr. Jared Potter of Wallingford, and afterwards pursued it with Dr. John Bird, of Litchfield, (South Farms.) After having practised some years at Litchfield, he removed to Hartford, where he died April 14, 1801, in the 51st year of his age. He was the most distinguished pupil of his two eminent instructors, being among the first physicians of the state, if not at the head of his profession, for several years previous to his death. In addition to a full practice in Hartford, he was extensively employed in consultation, and had a greater reputation in chronic diseases, more particularly in the early stages of phthisis pulmonalis than any practitioner of his vicinity. He was possessed of a great originality of genius, and had a peculiar facility of investigating the causes and seats of obscure diseases, the events of which generally proved him to be uncommonly correct and discriminating upon these subjects. Without attempting to enter into the minutiae of his professional life and character, it will be sufficient to remark, that with justice he retained the highest reputation, both in the theory and practice of medicine, of any physician in his county, or perhaps in the state.

It is well known, that from a few years previous to the revolutionary war, to about the year 1800, several branches of literature, and more particularly poetry, were so much cultivated in Connecticut, that the State

was frequently, during that period, called the *Athens of America*. Among the most distinguished literary characters, were the Hon. John Trumbull, the Hon. Joel Barlow, Gen. David Humphreys, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D. Noah Webster, L. L. D. the Rev. Nathan Strong, and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins. Beside the works upon various subjects, which most of these gentlemen published with their names, Trumbull, Barlow, and Hopkins, were the joint authors of the *Anarchiad*, a satirical work, which contributed much to draw the attention of the public to the precarious state of the Union, under the old confederation. They were probably assisted by Strong and Humphries, and perhaps by Dwight.

Subsequently the Doctor was associated with Richard Alsop, Esq. the Theodore Dwight, Esq. Mason F. Gogswell, M. D. William Brown Esq. and several others. The *Echo*, *Political Green-house*, many satirical poems, and several able essays in prose, were produced. This association, it is believed, were occasionally assisted by the Hon. Zephaniah Swift, the Hon. Uriah Tracy the Hon. Tapping Reeve, and many other public characters of that time. Out of Connecticut they were generally known by the appellation of the *HARTFORD WRITERS*. They were strong supporters of the administration of Washington, their efforts giving a tone to the public feeling and sentiment in its favour; and their influence was acknowledged to be very great with the literary and cultivated part of the community, not only in their own State, but in all parts of the Union. Of the poetry that was exclusively written by Dr. Hopkins, the *Hypocrite's Hope*, and an *Elegy on the Victim of a cancer Quack*, are the best known. As he published nothing with his name, it is difficult to distinguish all the pieces that were written by him.

The associates of Hopkins were a large portion of the ablest men of the states and of the day. Under their exertion, and influence, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, Connecticut was the seat of the Muses in the United States; and her political characters were also prominent in the council of the nation.—Previous to his death his friend, and one of his literary associates, Dr. Elisha H. Smith, published in one of the London Journals, a well written sketch of his life and character, which was republished in some of the periodical works of this country. Exclusive of this it is believed no authentic account of him has ever appeared. As a number of his friends and latter associates still survive, his scattered works might yet be ascertained, collected and published in a volume by themselves; and since, after Trumbull, the author of *M'Fingal*, he was the most eminent satirist of his day, they ought to be preserved. Indeed the literary history of Connecticut, together with the memoirs of the principal characters of that state, during the period in which he flourished, would be uncommonly interesting, and add much to the reputation of our country. When it is recollected, that about the same time, Mr. Hayley was the most popular poet in Great Britain, the taste of that day in Connecticut

icut will bear no inferior comparison with that of England at the same time; as the genius of several of the writers who have been mentioned, was evidently superior to his, and a diction equally polished is to be found in many of their works. On the whole, the latter part of the last century produced a greater number of distinguished poets in America, than have ever appeared at any one time since the first settlement of the country, and the most of them were born, or educated, or resided in Connecticut.—*Boston Medical Intelligencer.*

## HISTORY.

### THE BURMAN EMPIRE, &c.

In 1821, Capt. Hiram Cox published in England a journal of his residence in the Burman Empire, and more particularly at Amara-poorah, the capital; and the new number of the Edinburgh Review furnishes a brief sketch of that country and the neighbouring kingdoms of Siam and Cochin China, compiled from this and other recent sources of information. They are all known by the general name of the Hindu Chinese countries; and, although the people near the frontiers partake in a degree of the characteristics of their neighbours, they have a general character which marks them out as one of the greatest divisions of the human family. The reviewer calls it one of the richest, most fertile and even civilized portions of the globe, of which we have the least particular knowledge, and which is destined to rise in interest from communication with the Europeans.

The Burmans, or Burmese, before the late war with the British, had extended their conquest down the coast from the 23d degree of latitude to the 11th, although this includes only a narrow strip of land, Pegu, Arracan, Assam, Cachet and Cassay were also under their power. The country is mountainous and easily defensible; with its capital, Amara-poorah, situated 400 miles from any practicable passage of the frontiers, and with no commanding fortresses whose occupation would be decisive of an enemy's success. There are two fine harbours, and the mouth of six rivers which pass through extensive and fertile regions.

The Siamese which inhabit a country more extensive than the empire of the Burmans, which bounds it on the west. It is watered by the rivers Menam and Kamboja: the former about 800 miles long, with most fertile shores; and the latter 1500, being one of the largest in Asia. Great quantities of teak wood are furnished by the forests, as in the Burman Empire; and some districts contain valuable mines. Rice is here also a very important article of produce. The principal trade is carried on with the Chinese, as there are about 2 or 800,000 of that nation in the country, who cultivate pepper, make sugar, trade and navigate the vessels, of which 140 junks go to China, forming an aggregate of 35,000 tons. The other branches of trade employ nearly an equal amount of tonnage. Forty or fifty vessels to the free port of Singapore, bringing home about 300,000 worth of British and India manufactures. The Americans engaged in the Siamese trade a few years ago, but soon relinquished it. The government engages a good deal in trade.

Cochin China, has 1200 miles of sea coast, but is so narrow in the middle, that it might easily be divided by a naval force, and the country completely commanded. The country is much less extensive than Siam, but is very populous. There are however few Chinese in the country, which is the reason why manufactures, agriculture and commerce are not very flourishing.—The land trade with China is however considerable, and about 30 junks go to Singapore annually, several of them for the account of the government.

The trade with Cochin China is open to all the world, although the fact has not been generally known. According to a statement made by the reviewer, the subject is worthy of attention in this country; as he says that the experiments made on that coast by some of our merchants in 1819, proved unsuccessful in conse-

quence of their being injudiciously conducted. The vessel went to the port of Saigon for sugar about three months after the junks had carried off nearly the whole stock, and six months before the new crop could come in.—They also insisted on paying the port dues in the bulky zinc money of the country, which produced so much displeasure, that, added to the ill arrangement of their voyage, a prejudice was imbibed against the trade.

## SOTTENING.

### EXPANDING WEDGE FOR SAWYERS.

This instrument, the invention of Mr. Griffiths, of the Royal Institution, consists of a handle or centre-piece, and two lateral or spring-pieces, all made of clear sound ash; these are inserted at one end into a wedge-shaped brass or iron cap, so that the side pieces, by their divergence, form a continuation of its sides. On the handle is fixed an upright nearly in the centre of gravity, which being surmounted by a cross-bar, supports the instrument between the planks. This instrument is intended chiefly to save the time and trouble of shifting the common wedges while sawing up balks of fir into deals; and being introduced into the first cut of two or three feet, will continue expanding and opening the plank for a length of 12 feet. It is sometimes made of iron or steel.—[*Trans. Soc. Arts*]

*Improved Melting-pots for Iron or Brass.*—Mr. L. Anstey, of Somers-town, has been rewarded by the Society of Arts for his improvement of melting-pots for iron and brass-founders; and, from the testimonials of those who have used them, they appear to merit great attention. They are composed of two parts Stourbridge clay, and one part of the hardest coke, well ground, and tempered together. The materials should be ground separately, and passed through a sieve one-eighth of an inch mesh, then mixed with water and well trodden. If the coke be ground too fine the pots are apt to crack. They are then moulded by hand on a block, over a cone previously covered with a cap of linen or cotton to facilitate their removal. They are then carefully dried at a gentle heat, the cap drawn out, and the pots are ready for use. The smaller pots hold twenty pounds of cast iron, and cost 10d each; the larger hold forty pounds and cost 14d.

When wanted for use the pot is first warmed, then put into the furnace with the mouth downwards upon fresh coke; more coke is then thrown in until the pot is covered, and it is gradually brought to a red heat; the pot is then turned in the furnace, fixed in its proper position, charged with cold iron, no flux or addition of any kind being used, and in about one hour and a half the metal is melted. Such a pot will last for 16 or 18 successive fusions, if it be not allowed to cool in the interval, if it cools it will probably crack. These pots bear a higher heat than others, and will deliver the metal in a more fluid state than the best Birmingham pots. Experimental trials fully supported the character of the pots, drawn from practical experience.—*Id.*

*Preservation of Lemon or Lime Juice.*—Lemon or lime juice, according to the experiments of Captain Bagnold, may be preserved without the addition of rum, spirits, or any other substance, by the process well known and practised for the preservation of green gooseberries and other fruits for domestic purposes.—Lime juice was pressed from the fruit in Jamaica, in September, 1823, strained, put into quart bottles, and carefully corked: these being put into a pan of cold

water, were gradually raised to the boiling point, they were retained at that point for half an hour, and then allowed to cool. A bottle opened in April, 1821, was found to contain the juice in the state of a whitish turbid liquor, with the acidity and much of the flavour of the lime, nor did it appear to have undergone any alteration. The same juice again bottled and heated was set aside till March, 1825, when, upon examination, it was found in good condition, retaining much of the flavour of the recent juice.—*Id.*

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling.

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said—"It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepped forward, and in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" said the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply.—"You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall—"You may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity, and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—"The *Libel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it thrives most when most trampled upon."

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliott having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left altogether by accident.

The contrivances adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the gallant defenders of their country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into regimental shape, and worn triumphantly in battle.—Boots have, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partizan. I have seen



a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of a matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid, and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true Knight, who did not feel the obligation to defend them to the last extremity.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far famed hero, Colonel Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens." It was in this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed: "You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington, and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly write his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make his mark".

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A TRUE SKETCH.

It was one of the coldest nights of the season. The wind blew with remorseless violence. Aunt Eunice was herself ill, and begged I would step up and see how the poor woman was. I entered the habitation. It was a poor shelter. The pale moon-beams played on the floor thro' the chinks, and the wind whistled through the broken windows. On the bed, pale and emaciated with fever, lay the poor woman. In a cradle, by the side of a bed, wrapped in a single rug, slept an infant, and in a corner, over a small fire, sat a little boy about 5 years old. There was no other being in the house—no friend to soothe her distress—no nurse to moisten her burning lips with a drop of water. Poverty has few allurements; sickness has none; and prudery and uncharitableness readily availed themselves of their frailties, to excuse their neglect.

I stepped out to procure a loaf of bread for the children; I was not long gone, and on returning to the door, the sound of a footstep on the floor told me somebody was within. O it was a pleasant sight! A young female friend, whose genius is not known to her literary acquaintance—whose virtues and amiable disposition, combined with a peculiar agreeableness of manners, render her beloved as extensively as she is known, had preferred to the gay scenes of mirth, or the charms of a novel, a lone and unostentatious visit to the house of poverty and the bed of sickness! Like an angel of mercy, she was administering to the comfort of the poor woman and her infant. I have seen woman glowing with beauty—arrayed in the richest attractions of dress, whose charms were heightened by the "pride, & pomp, and circumstance," of "elegant conviviality"—A lovely woman, in such a scene, irresistibly commands our admiration. But alone, at the bed of poverty and sickness, she appears more than human—I would not be impious, but she seems almost divine.

**Tricks in Trade.**—Two rogues in the city have been making a laughable experiment enough upon the force of truth, or puff, between them; and I believe the matter is to end in an application to the Court of Chancery; but, for the time, the impostor has carried the day.—One of these people, who are both hair dressers, and live opposite to each other, near the Exchange, is—or was lately—thriving, by selling the fat of bears as a kind of cosmetic. The other (his neighbour) knowing that it was just as good to sell any other material in pots, with "Bear's Grease" for a label, as genuine bear's grease, immediately started with the same "pots," filled with an inexpensive unguent, in opposition. The true dealer, who keeps forty live bears in his cellar, & has himself been taken up once a week before the sitting alderman, as a nuisance, by way of advertisement, killed a bear upon this, hung him up whole in full sight in his shop, and wrote in the window, "A fresh bear killed this day!" The impostor, who had but one bear in the whole world, which he privately led out of his house, after dark, every night, and brought him back (to seem like a new supply going in) in the morning, continued his sale, writing in his window, "Our fresh bear will be killed to-morrow." The original vender then—determined to cut off his rival's last shift—kept his actual bears defunct with the skins only off, hanging up always at his door, proclaimed all bear's grease sold in "pots," a "vile imposture;" and desired his customers to "walk in" and see theirs, "with their own eyes, cut and weighed from the animal." This seemed conclusive for two days; but, on the third, the opponent was again in the field, with a placard, "founded on the opinion of nine doctors of physic," that bear's grease "obtained from the animal in a tamed or domestic state," would not "make any body's hair grow at all."

In consequence of which, he "has formed an establishment in Russia, (where all the best bears come from) for catching them wild, cutting the fat off immediately, and potting it down for London consumption." And the rogue actually ruins his antagonist, without going to the expense of a bear's skin, by writing all over his house, "Licensed by the Imperial Government—Here, and at Archangel."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### BURNS' MONUMENT AT AYR.

With the exception of iron railing to surround the roof of ground, which was originally purchased from Lord Alloway, this superb monument is now completely finished; and partial as we may be to our own edifice, there is no denying that the erection in question reflects the greatest credit on the taste and liberality of the county of Ayr. The tomb of Burns, or, in other words, St. Michael's Churchyard, will always draw his admirers thitherward, and, in this respect, Dumfries possesses considerable advantages; but at the same time, there is something pleasing in the very idea of a monumental column, looking down on the old and new bridges of Doon, and situated within a minute's walk of "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," and the cottage in which the Poet was born. In fact a more appropriate site could not have been chosen for an erection which is at least 65 feet high, whose triangle base supports 9 beautiful Corinthian pillars, and is surmounted by a dome perhaps too richly ornamented. The late Sir Alexander Boswell was the prime mover of the Ayr Burns' monument, and but for his premature death, the edifice would have been finished long ago. But all's well that ends well, and in this view we congratulate the public on two different monuments already erected to the memory of Burns, and those, too, in the counties within which he was more immediately concerned. The whole cost of the Ayr Burns' monument was, as near as may be, £2,200; exclusive of the planting and laying out of the ground, which the Ayrshire gardeners and nurserymen took upon themselves, and which but for their kind interference would have cost at least £150 more.—*Dumfries Courier.*

**CRUEL ROBBERY.**—A countryman named Adams, with only one leg, was robbed of five sovereigns on Saturday night week. The poor fellow went into a carpenter's shop, on the Kent road, to purchase a new wooden leg, the old one being nearly worn out in the service. While strapping on the new one, he was observed by some persons outside to transfer some sovereigns from the socket of the old leg into that of the new, and on his leaving the shop he was knocked down at a little distance from it. The robbers, experiencing

some difficulty at getting the money from its place of concealment, pulled away the new wooden leg from the stump, leaving the poor countryman on the ground unable to follow them after depriving him of his money and his leg.

### The Retail Trade in Glasgow, Scotland.

The merry little Glasgow bookseller, whom we (*Telescope*) have more than once had occasion to mention in our pages, and who, in his young days, was wont, as he said, to worship the goddess of health on the top of Kathlin Braes, by leaping an hour at a time over a skipping rope, gives a rather odd account to our friend, Dr. Jarvie, of the profits of a retail trade in his line:

Indeed, Doctor, it's but a poor trade, the selling o' stationery; I'll just gie ye a sample o' what sort o' trade it is—what wi' loss o' time, and what wi' ae thing and what wi' anither. A muckle and stupid sump comes in to the shop, an' says, "Gie's a bawbee's worth o' paper." Is it post paper ye want? "Aye." Is't lang paper or short paper, gudeman, ye want? "O, yes." God bless me, man, do ye want it short or lang? "A' no." See, man, is't this kin' o' paper, or that, ye want? "I'll take this, for it's the biggest." Weel, Doctor, ye would think one was done wi' the fallow, after a' that fash, and mair than five minutes lost; but, na—he's at it yet. "Men! that pen," he says, handin' out an old stump to ye that the dev' himself could scarcely men: and when ye've done that, he follows it wi' "Put a wee drap o' ink i' this bottle." Ye put ink i' the blockhead's bottle, a' for naething, an' he says, "I'll thank ye for a wafer." Now, Doctor, only think o' that, a' that fasherie, an' sick a loss o' time, forbye the wafer an' the ink for naething, an' a' about selling a bawbee's worth o' paper.

### A CURE FOR A COLD.

Mr. Loutherbrough, the famous scenepainter, had a fancy that he could cure all diseases, and accordingly prescribed liberally for his friends and all others willing to fall under his hands. A person of great faith applied to him for a cure for a very bad cold, and Loutherbrough's advice was, "Don you see, Sare, can you like to drink bran-tea?"

"Brandy," replied the patient, nothing loth to find so palatable a medicine hinted, as he imagined. "Certainly; I have no objection to it whatever."

"Ay, then," said Loutherbrough, "bran-tea is the very ting for you. Take tree, four—ees, four—eups of it as hot as you can soop—good, big tea cups, just after breakfast."

"Without vater!" said Loutherbrough, "vat do you mean? No more vater than is in the bran-tea itself vater made. Take it as you get it. Take four large, ver large coops—between breakfast and dinner; and ven you find a change for better or vorse come to me."

The faith of the patient was great, and so was his swallow. For five days he stuck to what he thought was the prescription of the painter—was of course drunk all day—and, at the conclusion of his exertions, in this way, he came to Loutherbrough, full of gratitude for his advice.

"I am quite cured," said he, "Mr. Loutherbrough. I never imagined that brandy was so complete a cure. I feel quite obliged." "O, yes," said L. "I was sure it would cure you. You felt quite cool all the time you was taking it." "Cool!" said the patient: "No not exactly cool. I was rather hot. Zounds, Sir, no man can drink a quart of spirits in the forenoon and keep cool." "Spirits!" said Loutherbrough, rather astonished; "vy there is no spirits in tea made of bran." "Tea made of bran!" said his amazed friend. "It was hot brandy I drank."—An explanation of course followed. The gentleman, however, was cured.

### POPULARITY.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech, he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his common place book into a port folio, he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up tripe sentiments in rhyme, he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsicalities, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness by the way.—*Goldsmith.*

## THE LITERARY CASSETT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1826.

The following is one of the Tales presented for the Prize offered by the publishers of this Paper:

## MORAL TALE.

Being absent from home on a short excursion, I was detained one day at Salem, and although the excessive cold of December was unfavorable to a ride, yet I determined to visit the neighbouring town of Marblehead. The country through which I passed was rocky and almost fanciful in its formation, but although it wore the appearance of sterility, and the gloominess of winter was spread over the landscape, yet my mind buoyant with the temporary release from care and employment, cast the hues of its own gladness feeling over all that I beheld. I soon approached the place which I was to visit, and as I rode through its crooked, narrow, and dirty streets, I was struck with the air of poverty and decay which they exhibited, so different from the neat and smiling villages of the interior, and from the town I had just left. Marblehead is indeed the mere shadow of what it once was: the calamities of war, the competition of better harbours, and the fickleness of trade have left only the ruins of former prosperity.

From the walls of the fort which is situated on a point of land extending into the harbour, I obtained a fine view of the bay and the surrounding country. The water just beneath me was covered with small fishing vessels, disburthening their loads of fish, and together with the show for a little space around, presented a very animated scene; the rocks and fields around were covered with flakes of fish; and far off in the distance the ocean was rolling in its majesty. In the town which lay spread before me, there was nothing which disagrees with the wildness of the scenery around it; no splendid mansions whose magnificence might seem to mock the barrenness of nature, no signs of wealth which was too hardly earned from the bosom of the deep to be lavished in external decorations.

Descending from the walls of the fort, I approached one of these numerous flakes of fish, which literally cover the land in the vicinity, and entered into conversation with an aged and weather-beaten fisherman, whose feeble and trembling arms seemed hardly competent to the easy task of spreading the fish on the frames. He readily answered all my inquiries and disquieted with much feeling on the past situation and future prospects of his fellow citizens and of his native town. "Placed," said he, "on this rocky point of land, providence seems to have cut us off from the rest of the world and from the usual business of men, and made us the sport of the tempests and of war. Dependent as we are on the fisheries for our subsistence, almost every storm buries some of our young men in the ocean, and war forces them back into our harbor to pine away and starve. One hundred merchant ships and five hundred fishing vessels once rode proudly in our harbor, but yonder you see the mere remnants of what we were. The close of the revolution left us with three hundred widows and nine hundred orphan children; and during the last war five hundred of our young men were in British prisons, among whom were two of my own sons." I continued my enquiries and soon drew from him some of the incidents of his life which though few and simple, such as have befallen perhaps thousands, yet his manner of relating them strongly affected me.

The commencement of the late contest between this country and Great Britain found him in the quiet enjoyment of a happy competence and surrounded with a circle of affectionate children. His daughters just in the bloom of life enlivened his hours with their cheerfulness and vivacity; his sons industrious and enterprising, returned from their fishing excursions laden with the spoils of the ocean, and with filial piety, rejoiced in contributing their aid to smooth the declining years of their father. They had never received those rich and sudden showers of fortune which rather beat down the gentle emotions of the heart, but they had been for many years accustomed to that moderate prosperity which crowns the honest labours of the poor, which raises the soul above the propensities of

mere animal gratification, and like the warming, genial rays of the sun on the earth, prepares the heart to receive and nourish the seeds of benevolence and contentment. They could not boast the polish and refinement of individuals more highly adorned by the gifts of wealth and education, but they were no less alive to the enjoyments of social intercourse, and felt not that fastidiousness and ambition which pours wormwood into the cup of the rich and the learned. The voice of gladness was ever heard in their dwelling, and hospitality opened wide their doors at the call of any human being, whose distress might be relieved by sympathy, or whose wants might be supplied from their stores.

But the fearful trump of that fell demon war which alarms so many distant and peaceful villages, which threatens desolation to so many fair and fertile provinces, which sounds the death knell of so many brave hearts, raised its portentous notes, and was heard in the bosom of this quiet and happy circle. Dependent as their town was on the fisheries, the interruption of these by the cruisers of the enemy struck at once at the very root of their prosperity and even of their subsistence. Gloomily did the mournful news pass from mouth to mouth among the inhabitants; slow, pensive, and silent was the step with which each one paced along to communicate the dreary intelligence to his family. Many a kind father looked around on his family that evening with anxious solicitude, now that his worldly means were cut off; many a fond mother thought with painful suspense of her boys far distant on the ocean, an unsuspecting prey to a vigilant and numerous enemy; and many a timid girl thought of the new perils now gathering around her absent lover.

On the very evening preceding the arrival of these unpleasant tidings, the old man seated among his children, had been indulging with them anticipations of future happiness, and forming schemes of life and business. James, the eldest, he said, might proceed with the fish that were now ready for market, to one of the neighbouring ports, while the two younger, Henry and Merwin, should sail for the banks and remain there until their vessel was laden with the produce of the fisheries. By that time, said he, turning to a blushing girl who sat on his right, by that time Mary, your lover will have returned from his voyage, and we will then unite your hearts and hands, and endeavour to render you both as happy as you deserve.

Buoyant with hope and spirits, they were all hastening on the succeeding day to prepare for their several plans, when the sudden intelligence burst upon them like a hurricane, sweeping away all their eager hopes, and palsying the arm of enterprise. To pursue their usual avocations on the ocean under these circumstances were idle temerity, and yet as they had been bred upon its bosom, they were unfitted for any other employments; and even had they been qualified to cultivate the soil, the sterile rocks around them would hardly furnish the scantiest subsistence, to the most industrious toil. But this calamity which they shared in common with the multitudes among whom they dwell, soon received an addition of private grief by the unfortunate capture of Mary's lover, who was just returning from a long voyage and ignorant of the threatening war, expected in a few days to reach his native soil, and to lay his hard earned competence at the feet of his mistress. The poor girl until this last stroke, had sustained the spirits of her father and brothers by her own unyielding cheerfulness, but now her voice so gay and laughing was silent or mournful, her elastic step was now sad and uncertain, the roses of health were fading on her cheeks, and she now looked imploringly around for that comfort which she had so often imparted to others.

When the first burst of disappointment was over, the young men were indisposed to remain longer inactive, and together with many others of their native town began to accommodate their exertions to the new circumstances in which they were placed. Henry went on board a privateer then fitting out from Boston, while James and Merwin entered the frigate Essex on the point of sailing for South America under the command of Porter. A father's heart can alone conceive the feelings of the old man as he saw his three sons leaving their paternal roof, to set forward on these long and hazardous enterprises. True indeed they had long been habituated to the perils of the deep, and had often been tossed by the tempest, and the storms which raged around his dwelling had often excited the trem-

bling fear for those who were exposed to its violence; but now they were to brave the fury of war together with the dangers of the ocean, and many a dark foreboding weighed on his anxious spirit. He dismissed them however with his blessing and the sanguine eagerness of youth anticipated a triumphant victory and safe return.

The brilliant cause of Porter while commanding in the Pacific is well known, and it would be needless here to relate the success of his cruise in that ocean. The heroes of our late war distinguished themselves for their bravery and good conduct, and began to anticipate a return from their voyage and the enjoyment of their prize money, when the unfortunate engagement took place between the Essex and the British frigates. That contest was exceedingly severe and destructive, as Porter's ship lay for some time unmanageable and exposed like a target to the fire of the enemy, while his obstinate bravery would not permit him to strike his colours so long as the least hope remained. James and Merwin served at the same gun until near the close of the combat, when a ball from the hostile ship laid the latter lifeless under the gun he had so bravely worked. Much as a sailor's heart is steeled against suffering, and thoughtless as he is under misfortune, yet painful was the stroke which severed the strong ties of brotherly affection, and harrowing was the grief of the survivor, as the remains of his brother so long beloved, together with the heap of his slaughtered associates, were thrown with careless haste into the bosom of the deep. Ah! how little do the giddy multitude who celebrate the victories or the praises of some favorite chief, how little do they think of the pain and grief, obscure and unknown, yet piercing and heartfelt, on which that triumph or that fame are built. A whole nation delighted to do honor to the gallantry of Porter, while not a thought of sympathy was extended to many nameless and humble sufferers who lost what a nation's wealth could not restore.

After many vicissitudes of captivity and danger, James returned, solitary and unfortunate, to that home which he had left, gay and sanguine, in company with his brother. He brought the mournful tidings that death had now for the first time invaded their little circle, and he trembled lest he should there also find in store for him, tidings no less harrowing than those of which he was the bearer. He found them however prepared for his intelligence, as news of the event had reached them before, and the sight of the survivor renewed their sorrow, though its first bitterness had passed away. Their hearts looking around for consolation and support, were fain to derive comfort from the reflection that though unhonoured and unknown, yet he had died bravely at the post of duty, and in the field of glory. Doubtless many a poor sailor in his dying moments, has consoled himself with the same reflection, and though scarcely the dozen men who stand around the same gun know or care whether he performed his duty bravely, or whether his cheek blanched at the approach of danger, yet he feels for the moment the animating hope of glory no less than his commander upon whose success await the willing plaudits of a nation.

Henry had been more successful in his voyage, and both the brothers having given some time to the duties of filial affection, determined to engage in those pursuits in which he had gained so much, and entered a privateer just sailing from their harbour. Their light ship bounded gaily over the waves as if buoyed up by the lighter, gayer hearts it carried, for the elastic spirit of the sailor forgets his past disappointments in his joyous hopes of future success; not considering in the heedlessness of his expectation, that the gales of fortune are more treacherous than the uncertain breezes that toss his bark on the mighty waters. The song and the laugh went round their mess, while with that generous emotion which seems to mingle with all the wayward inconsistencies of a sailor, and which can almost claim our forgiveness of his vices, they thought of the home which their presence and their plunder was soon to gladden, or of those faithful hearts which were watching each gale and storm with anxious suspense. Reckless however as they seemed, they were not a motley collection of swarthy savages and roving pirates, such as usually engage in enterprises of this nature, and gorge themselves with indiscriminate plunder of the traders on the ocean; but you might read on the bold and manly brows of these sons of New England, that stern necessity alone compelled them to engage in



pursuits so foreign to their usual occupations of peace and honour.

For several days their course was uninterrupted, and the listless crew might be seen reclining on the guns stationed around the deck, or vacantly leaning on the side of the ship as if counting the waves over which they glided so rapidly, or climbing the shrouds to spy some distant sail in the horizon, or collected in little groups to pass away the time in mutually relating the many and eventful incidents of lives spent in scenes of danger and toil. Nearly a fortnight passed in this manner, when at length some eye more watchful than the rest, caught a view of a sail just peering above the horizon, and a loud and cheering shout told how joyfully the expectant crew received the welcome intelligence. Every sail was hoisted in the eager pursuit, but the darkness of evening closed around them ere the wished-for object was obtained. The light of the succeeding morning showed them reason to repent the thoughtless haste with which they pressed forward, for instead of beholding a rich and easy prize, they found a British frigate bearing down upon them. The American ship, utterly unable to cope with so formidable an adversary, now turned to seek that safety in flight which no defence could secure. The impatient look and abrupt voice of the commander, the breathless gaze and bewildered start of the crew, all showed how anxious was the moment of suspense. Soon their practised eyes could perceive that the hostile ship was fast gaining on them, and in a few hours a ball whistling over their heads told them that further flight was vain, and that the hour of resistance had come. But temerity itself will decline the contest if sure destruction awaits the issue of the engagement, and glory does not promise to reward the struggle. With reluctant hands the unwilling sailors furled their canvass, and tore their flag from the mast, which flapping and vainly endeavoring to rise with the wind which filled its folds, as it gradually lowered, seemed indignant at the insult. With sullen tranquillity the ship was delivered to the captors, and as these new masters came on board to receive the submission of the vanquished, not a murmur of discontent was heard among them. But the heroes of our story could not look on the bitter disappointment now overclouding all their bright visions of hope, nor think of the long and severe confinement which awaited them, without feeling the gloominess of misfortune brooding over their spirits.

Their captivity on board the ship was soon past, and the two brothers were committed to the more dreary imprisonment of Dartmoor, where with thousands of their countrymen, they were condemned to pine, hopeless of release. Their free born spirits could ill brook the weariness of long confinement, and accustomed as they had been to roam over the ocean in unbounded freedom, the months passed slowly and drearily away, within the narrow limits of a prison. Sometimes the confused rumour of the war that was raging far beyond the walls of their captivity, penetrated even into their obscure retreat, and their busy fancy would conjure around them the noise, and the carnage, and the shout of battle, until their souls were filled and animated with the reality of the scene. Then again the sad picture of home would arise, an aged father month after month expecting their return, and daily toiling up the lofty hill which looked far into the ocean, his hopes rising with every passing sail, and then again sinking in deeper despondency as the painful fear rushed across his mind, that his boys were buried in the ocean or were pining in foreign captivity. Many were the long and melancholy musings which they indulged, but hope, the universal friend of the miserable forsook them not; her nightly dreams and daily visions hovered around their couch of straw, and cast her lighter tints over the future. At length the long desired intelligence that peace had again returned to smile on the nations, and to uncloset the doors of the prison and to let the captive go free, sent its cheering voice through the cells of confinement, struck a thrill of joy through many a heart that was sickening with sorrow, and animated many a pulse that had beat languidly under the weakening influence of delay and misfortune. Right joyous was the greeting with which each one congratulated his friend on the glad tidings, and gay indeed was the prison with shout and song, that had so late been clothed in the garb of woe. He alone who has entered one of these abodes of captivity, who has seen the mighty mass of misery here congregated in

one loathsome heap, whose imagination can discern in the secret recesses of each heart, even more wretchedness than meets its eye, and who can at the same time think of the thousand ties that bind each one of the beings before him, to a crowd of relatives in distant lands whose sympathy feels keenly each stroke of misfortune that falls on him; such an one can alone realize the burst of joy that rose from this throng of hapless captives.

The delay of the British government in sending home the prisoners at Dartmoor, the disturbances which arose among them, and the consequent slaughter of some of them by the guard, are too well known to need repetition, for the loud and deep indignation which these circumstances excite in this country, made an impression even on the remembrance of infancy, which will not be effaced until the last of the generation of that day shall have sunk into the grave. It is sufficient for our story to mention that one of the brothers, James, was severely wounded in that unhappy affray, and had scarcely strength to endure the voyage which brought them once more to the home of their father. Towards the end of May, just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the roofs of their native town, the vessel which bore the two brothers sailed slowly into the harbour, and James, whose extreme feebleness had confined him below for several days, now begged to be carried on deck that the long wished for scene might once more gladden his eyes. He did indeed once more gaze on the well known objects which had so often greeted his return from his fishing excursions, gaily singing over the success of his labours; but the rush of mingling emotions was more than his shattered frame could bear, and as if nature had sustained him for this hour of happiness alone, he breathed his last with his eye still resting on the home of his youth.

A crowd of expectant relatives thronged on board the ship as she approached the shore, all eager to give the hearty and welcoming embrace to a long absent friend. Many a domestic circle was that night gladdened by the return of a son, a husband, or a brother, though as the fond wife or mother gazed on the beloved countenance, pale with long anxiety, or on the faded form that had bent under tedious confinement, some tears at the remembrance of past suffering would force themselves through the smiles of welcome and delight. Many a youthful lover hastened with elastic step to carry joy and hope to the faithful heart that had long mourned his absence; and each dwelling seemed resounding with gladness. But it was with slow and mournful step, with grief heightened perhaps by the very sight of all this happiness around him, that Henry now sought his well known home, for bitter he knew was the anguish he was to impart to his beloved inmates. He entered, and his fond sister flew to fold in her embraces the object of so much affection, while the eye of the more anxious parent spoke the enquiry which his faltering tongue refused to utter, while he tremblingly said "You are alone!" The answering glance of the son told but too plainly that death had snatched away another of the supports of his age. The story of misfortune, and wrong, and suffering was soon told, and with mutual sympathy they related the sad narratives of disappointment, suspense and grief which had filled up the interval of separation; and though the tale of each was varied by no incident but the alterations of hope and fear which had agitated them, yet they felt a melancholy pleasure in retracing even the pangs of remembrance.

The next morning the last funeral solemnities were performed over the body of the unfortunate James, and deep was the sympathy which was felt for the weeping mourners who followed his remains to the lowly tomb, and who seemed thus to be marked out for affliction, while all around them were rejoicing in gladness. There was something so touching in the death of this young man, and the whole family were so much beloved for their mutual affection and many amiable qualities, that no common respect was shewn to his memory, and to the sorrow of his friends. But the body was soon deposited in the silent grave, the crowd of spectators departed each to his own home, and the mourners returned to their dwelling, which death had made so gloomy and desolate.

But the necessities of the poor do not permit them to indulge in idle lamentations; their little all had been exhausted during the years of war and adversity; and their usual employment of fishing soon required all their time and efforts. Henry again commenced his excursions

to the banks, while the old man, too feeble to endure the hardships of the ocean, dried the fish which the son brought home. He was thus engaged when I found him, and though time had worn off the edge of his grief, yet his former cheerfulness had never returned; and in patient solitude, he pursued that employment which the assistance and society of his sons once rendered so easy and pleasant. He finished his narrative and quietly resumed his work, when I turned my horse's head towards Salem, thoughtfully musing on the story of the old fisherman, of Marblehead.

VIATOR.

## MASONIC.

Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace,  
Unwarp'd by party rage, to live like BROTHERS.

### ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE SUPPORT OF MASONIC INSTITUTIONS.

Masonry is a science, confined to no particular country, but diffused over the whole terrestrial globe. Where arts flourish, there masonry flourishes also; and it may be remarked, with peculiar pleasure, that in whatsoever else men may disagree, yet the liberal and enlightened of every nation are unanimous in their respect and support to this singularly amiable institution; which annihilates all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who, by their Almighty Father, were made of one blood, to be also of one heart and one mind. The sacred constitution of masonry not only cultivates and improves, but also teaches all the important duties of society. Brethren are bound, firmly bound together, by that indissoluble tie, "the love of God, and the love of their kind." By carefully preserving among themselves certain secret and inviolable signs, which have become a language universal among the fraternity throughout the world, incalculable advantages have resulted: men of all religions and of all nations are united, and feel an obligation much stronger than the common ties of humanity, to engage them to kind and friendly actions. The spirit of the censorious and noisy priest is tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different persuasion, engages his esteem and affection: thus all those disputes which embitter life, and sour the temper, are avoided; and every face is clad with smiles, while the common good of all, the general design of the craft, is zealously pursued. Is it not then evident, that masonry is a universal advantage to mankind? Surely, unless discord and harmony be the same, it must be so. Is it not reconcileable to the best policy? We answer yes; for it prevents that heat of passion, and those partial animosities, which different interests too often create.

Masonry teaches us to be true to our country, to avoid turbulent measures, and to submit with reverence to all the constitutional decisions of legislative power; so far as those decisions are substantial with the constitution of the Union, the privileges of the several states, and the inviolable rights of man. It holds this truth as sacred, that the people are the source of power, and the origin and support of all legitimate government. Surely then, it is no mean advantage, no trifling acquisition, to any country, state, or community, to have under its power and jurisdiction a body of men extended through the several parts within its limits, who are the patrons of science, the friends of free government, the enemies of tyranny, and strenuous advocates for the liberties of mankind.

Does not masonry of itself, therefore, command the highest regard? Does it not merit the most exclusive

patronage? Without all doubt. If all that is good and amiable, if all that is useful to mankind or to society, be deserving of a wise man's attention, masonry claims it in the highest degree. How sublime are the ideas with which it inspires us! How it opens and enlarges the mind! How abundant a source of satisfaction it affords! It recommends universal benevolence, and every virtue that can endear one man to another; and is particularly adapted to give the mind the most disinterested, and the most generous feelings!

A uniformity of opinion, not only useful, but pleasing, universally prevails among masons, and promotes love and esteem. Masons are brethren. The most dignified character is reminded, that the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind; and is no better than that of his fellow men. He is reminded that virtue is true worth, and the only honourable distinction he can possess; that wisdom is the channel by which it is directed and conveyed. Wisdom, virtue, charity, and love, therefore, are the great characteristics of masons.

In fact, masonry inculcates universal love and benevolence; and disposes the heart to every act of goodness. A mason possessed of all this amiable, this god-like disposition, is shocked at misery in every form and appearance. His pity is not only excited, but he is prompted to alleviate the pain of the sufferer, and cheerfully to contribute to his relief. For this end funds are raised and charities established on the firmest foundation. When a brother is distressed, what heart does not ache? When he is hungry, do we not convey him food? Do we not clothe him when he is naked? Do we not fly to his relief when he is in trouble? Thus we evince the propriety of the title we assume, and demonstrate to the world, that the term, or endearing name of BROTHER among masons is not merely nominal.

Surely, then, the man who resists arguments drawn from such topics as these, and opposes this beneficial fraternity, must be callous to every noble principle, and lost to all sense of honour.—*Escrioteir.*

## THE ESSAYIST.

### HONESTY.

A man of integrity is a man of universal goodness, of ripened virtue. It does not indeed imply that he never yields to any temptation (for of what mortal can this be said) but it supposes he respects the authority on which the laws of God are founded, and does not therefore habitually tolerate in himself any one vice; does not deliberately permit himself to offend in any single point. There are no breaks in the links of that golden chain by which all his virtues are bound together—there is no secret and unseen disease preying on the soundness and healthiness of his moral constitution. In the goodly superstructure of his character, there can be found no unnoticed seam, through which even the penetrating light of conscience can enter, betraying that its foundation is unsolid and insecure.

We all agree, that to pronounce any one to be a man of integrity, is to give him most exalted praise. But when it is used in the more restricted sense in which it is received among us, it is supposed to imply the possession of a very necessary and a very valuable, certainly, but not a very high and dignified virtue. I however think otherwise. I believe that what is called

common honesty, when it is taken to imply all that it fairly and properly means, is a very excellent quality, and is, I am afraid, not so common as is sometimes believed.

There are certain violations of honesty, which the laws define and punish as open frauds, of the nature of which no one can be ignorant. But there are other departures from the strict rule of right, from their nature not cognizable by the laws, which really amount to the same thing as dishonesty, though they sometimes receive gentler names. Of this nature is every species of deceit, dissimulation, or evasion in our dealings with one another. For not only is it dishonest, expressly or by implication, to ascribe to our goods any quality which we know they have not—but also designedly to conceal any fault which we know they have, and with which the buyer cannot in fairness be supposed to be acquainted. It is dishonesty to represent our wares to be, in any respect what they are not, or not to be what they are.

It is dishonesty, also, of a very aggravated kind, to take advantage of another's confidence in our integrity—to borrow, for instance, on false securities or false representations of our circumstances, without any intention or reasonable expectation of repaying—and it is dishonesty to raise by design any expectations which we do not intend or desire to fulfil.

We must place excessive rigor and hardness in our dealings, among the violations of strict integrity. He who takes advantage of a buyer's ignorance or particular necessities, to insist on a higher price than the current value or fair market price for his commodity—or on the other hand, he who uses the same advantages to beat down his merchandise greatly below this standard, violates the laws of honesty. Under this head must also be placed the exaction of usury—not because it is not right that a man should receive compensation for lending his money, as well as any other property into which that money may be converted—but in some degree, because the rapid increase of wealth without industry is bad for the state and the individual, and chiefly because we must know that in most instances he who is willing to borrow at exorbitant interest must be on the brink of insolvency—and that by lending to him we only precipitate his downfall, and increase his inability to discharge the just demands of those creditors who have entrusted him with the hard earnings of their own exertion. In this way we make ourselves partakers of another man's sins.—*Boston Gazette.*

### PYRAMID OF DRINK.

The operation of drink, in its various degrees, may be represented by a pyramid thus:

Tipsy,

Very fresh, \* \* \* \* \* Very tipsy,

Fresh, \* \* \* \* \* Drunk,

Lively, \* \* \* \* \* Very drunk,

Comfortable, \* \* \* \* \* Stupidly drunk,

Sober, \* \* \* \* \* Dead drunk.

*Sobriety.*—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner, are the most miserable in existence. The languor, the sense of utter inefficacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become comfortable. In this state you are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep. A philosopher seldom passes this point except in company.

Drink on and you step up to lively. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent.—You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the "purple wave."

*Fresh.*—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow more eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation.—Your perceptions are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

*Very fresh.*—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

*Tipsy.*—Now on the top of the pyramid you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

*Very tipsy.*—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a song.—Speechify in incoherent language, and evince a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock stout as a lion, amorous as a dove.

*Drunk.*—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake hands and knock downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

*Very drunk.*—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double.—Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

*Stupidly drunk.*—Head and stomach topsyturvy.—Eyes fixed and glaring. Utter incapacity of speech and locomotion, accompanied with an indistinct yet horrid consciousness of your situation.

*Dead drunk.*—An apoplectic sleep, and confused dreams of the devil or your creditors.

A letter from London says, John Neal has taken up his literary quarters with Jeremy Bentham, who likes Neal for that he hath a taint of Political Economy about him. Neal seems likely to end where he began. Two other young aspirants lately from America, have commenced their literary career here, under no unfavorable auspices.—Simmons, from South Carolina, and Fairfield from Connecticut. Simmons's Inquiry into the moral character of Lord Byron, which was favorably received in America, has been republished here with success; and Fairfield has contributed an excellent article to Miller's European Magazine. M'Henry is in Ireland, finishing his forthcoming "Hearts of Steel." He is a clever little fellow, and labours very assiduously in his vocation.

"Sail down the Tigris, or up the Nile," says a German writer, "travel through the deserts of Irak, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valeys of Hajar, or the delightful solitudes of Yaman—every where you will meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Bedouin and the hut of the Fallah; in the village coffee-houses, as well as those of Bagdad, Damascus and Cairo. When the intense heat of noon compels the traveller to stop on his journey, and interrupts the transaction of business, the people of the caravan, and the crowd of the bazaar gather beneath a spreading tree, or in a coffee-house, to listen with attentive ears to the story teller, who for hours will astonish and delight them, and then in the most interesting part break off, to take up the tale again in the cool of the evening. Even then he does not always finish his narrative, but often defers the end of it until morning; when instead of indulging his audience with the catastrophe, he will begin a new story. In the great towns these story-tellers form a particular corporation; and like every other trade, are under the government of their own shaikh."



## VARIETY.

A few days ago a gentleman in the vicinity of Bath sent his servant to a neighbour, with his compliments, and to request the loan of a pestle and mortar; the lady directed her maid to take the articles from a shelf in the kitchen and give them to the servant, who returned and presented to his astonished master, not a pestle and mortar, but a large horse pistol and a bayonet.

A gentleman sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note and pretending to read it; after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he, "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? To which Milton replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman." Some churlish husbands may perhaps say they find one tongue too much.

At one of Penn's trials, when he had been treated harshly and ungenerously, he put some home questions to the Recorder, on the law, who finally answered "I tell you to be silent; if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow, you would never be the wiser."—"That," replied Penn, in his quiet way, "is according as the answers are."

A person notorious for his profanity, was taken on a writ, and not possessing wherewithal to pay the demand was locked up in jail. His miserable wife, deprived of that support which even a broken staff affords was observed by her little son to weep. Confident of his Father's proficiency, he kindly said to her "Ma'ma, don't cry, father will *sear* out in half an hour."

The parish clerk of Devonshire, Eng. was directed by the church wardens to give notice to the congregation that Parson R. and Parson C. would preach there alternately; for which he read thus; "The congregation be desired to teuk notice that parson R. and Parson C. will preach here *eternally*."

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went into his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me—God bless the world, and success to the navy."

A queer Hibernian was once asked by his master—"What noise is that I hear?" "My lord, it is only the singing in my ears. I have heard it these six months."

A wit dining at a tavern asked for a wine glass; the waiter in bringing it accidentally let it fall. "Zounds," said he, I did not ask you for a tumbler."

When General Washington had closed his career in the French and Indian war, and had become a member of the House of burgesses, the speaker (Robinson) was directed by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman in behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military service which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity; but with such warmth of colouring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgements for the honour; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled, for a second; when the speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address that would have done honour to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile, "your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

A Hibernian on his first shooting excursion, shot a bird, and seeing something fall, went to the foot of the tree, where he picked up a frog, (supposing it to be the bird) and put it into his pocket. The frog kept such a continual kicking, that his companion asked what made

his bird kick so! "Och! said Pat, I shot all the feathers off, and the poor thing is cold."

An attorney, who was much molested by a fellow importuning him to bestow something, threatened to have him taken up as a common beggar. "A beggar!" exclaimed the man, "I would have you know, that I am of the same profession as yourself. Are we not both solicitors?" "That may be, friend, yet there is this difference: you are not a legal one, which I am."

An English captain hailed an American vessel, and asked what she was laden with. The master wishing to set off his cargo to the greatest advantage, answered, with a flourish of Bostonian rhetoric, "Fruit and Timber." The fact was, the cargo consisted of "Potatoes and Broomsticks."

A lady asked a person who applied for the place of footman in her family, if he could whistle. "Why is that necessary?" said the man. "Because," said the lady, "I expect my footman to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, to be certain he is not drinking while he is there."

A Husband whose ears were constantly assailed by the unruly tongue of his wife, bore the sound of her incessant alarm with the greatest patience. "It is very clear," said one of his friends "that you are afraid of your wife." "I am not afraid of her," said the husband, "but of the noise she makes."

## LITERARY NOTIONS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An interesting volume has just been republished in New-York, by Messrs. Carvill, and Bliss and White, called *Six Months in the West Indies*. It belongs (says the Statesman) to the catalogue of the thousand and one "diaries," and "journals," and "sketches," of sentimental and educated travellers, of which the press has been so fruitful since the days of Sterne.

A second edition of Morse's *Travellers' Guide, or Pocket Gazetteer of the United States*, has lately been published with corrections and additions.

The work which Buonaparte wrote in his twenty-first year, for the Academy of Lyons, and which is often referred to in the memorial from St. Helena, has just been published at Paris.

A work, to be called *Sandoral, or the Freemason*, by the author of the *Memoirs of Don Eteban*, is nearly ready for publication. It is said to turn chiefly on the extraordinary events in Spain for some years past in which the author himself, a Spaniard, has been intimately connected. The interest with which the work is looked for, is enhanced by the fact that among the personages who figure as principal characters, will be found king Ferdinand, the Duke of Wellington, the Generals Freyre, Morillo, Mina, Lacy, Barrutel, Riego, &c. &c.

A volume, under the title of "*Sheridenia*," intended to comprise all that is most interesting and piquant about the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, is announced for publication.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have now in the press, a very curious book, containing an account of the whole internal pavigation of the U. States, giving a full account of 102 canals!! made, making, and projected—to be accompanied with maps showing the routes. They will also publish shortly, Mills' excellent history of the Crusades, and his history of Chivalry, each in one vol. 8vo.

Woodstock; or the Cavalier. A Tale of the year Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-one. By the Author of "Waverley," "Tales of the Crusaders," &c. Philadelphia. 12mo.

The Operative Mechanic, and British Mechanist; being a Practical Display of the Manufactures and Mechanical Arts of the United Kingdom. By John Nicholson, Esq. Civil Engineer. First American, from the Second London edition. No. 1. Vol. 1. 8vo. pp. 114.

This work is to be published in numbers, and when complete, will make two volumes.

Bordieu, the composer of a new opera, called *La Dame Blanche*, which has met with much success in Paris, is declared in the French journals to be equal to Rossini, his music being as fine as the best of the Italian school.

An Abridgement of Lectures on Rhetoric. By Hugh Blair, D. D. Revised and corrected. To which is applied a new method of Interrogating, by Samuel Worcester. Boston. 18mo. pp. 284.

A system of Geography, Ancient and Modern, for the use of Schools. Accompanied with an Atlas, adapted to the work. By Jedediah Morse, D. D. and Sydney E. Morse, A. M. Twenty-fifth edition. Boston. 12mo. pp. 342.

The Child's Arithmetic, or the Elements of Calculation, in the spirit of Pestalozzi's Method, for the Use of Children between the Ages of Three and Seven Years. By William B. Fowle, Instructor of the Monitorial School, Boston. Boston. 18mo. pp. 103.

Discourses on Cold and Warm Bathing; with Remarks on the Effects of Drinking Cold Water in Warm Weather. By John G. Coffin, M. D. second edition. Boston. 12mo. pp. 70.

The Northern Traveller; containing the Routes to Niagara, Quebec and the Springs; with Descriptions of the Principal Scenes, and Useful Hints to Strangers.—With Maps and Copperplates. Second edition. New-York.

The Deformed Boy. By the Author of "Redwood," &c. Boston. 18mo. pp. 40.

The Substance of a Sermon, preached at the Methodist Chapel, Dover, N. H. on Thursday April 13, 1826, the Day of Public Fast. By John Newland Maffit.—Published by request. Concord N. H. 8vo. pp. 18.

Discourses on the character of Jesus Christ. By Henry Ware, Jr., Minister of the Second Church in Boston. Second edition. Boston. 12mo. pp. 137.

A Family Prayer Book; containing Forms of Morning and Evening Prayers, for a Fortnight, with those for Individuals, Religious Societies, and Schools; to which is added, a choice Selection of Hymns. A new edition. Plymouth. pp. 200.

The Aged Pilgrim's Triumph over Sin and the Grave; illustrated in a Series of Letters never before published. By the Rev. John Newton of St. Mary, Woolworth.—Written during the decline of Life, to some of his most intimate Friends. From the Second London edition. New York.

Among the numerous works which have lately issued from the British press, are the following:—

"The Literary and Political life of Sir Philip Francis," who, for more than half a century, attracted much public attention.

The Life of the tragic Heroine, Mrs Siddons, written by the author of "The Life of Mr. Kemble;" combining a history of the stage from the time of Garrick, and including original anecdotes of the most eminent actors who have adorned the profession, from the earliest period until now.

A third series of Sayings and Doings.

The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, written by himself, 2 vols. 8vo. with a portrait.

The True History of the State Prisoner, commonly called 'The Iron Mask,' extracted from the documents in the French Archives. By the Hon. George Agar Ellis.

### ELEGANT EXTRACT FROM WOODSTOCK.

"There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the *Queen of Night*, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to dispel—and which, on their side, are unable to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny."

## THE WREATH.

The following is one of the rejected Poems, presented for the Premium offered by the Publishers of the CASKET.

## THE HERMIT'S MISSION.

One boon, immortal train! I ask of thee—  
Parnassian heights to leave and fly to me :  
Apollo! haste—daughters of Jove! combine,  
And aid me that the meed of song be mine :  
Aid me, I pray thee, simply to rehearse  
An ethic story in a decent verse—  
Alas! and is it so? ye sacred throng!  
Not condescend to aid to form one song?—  
Then I'll go on, in charity confide,  
'Neath its wide cloak my errors all to hide.

'Twas on a summer's eve, and all was still,  
Save the shrill cricket's melancholy trill,  
While in a grove I sat to take the breeze,  
(Pale Cynthia shining dimly through the trees,)  
I saw a man approaching with a wand,—  
Startled—I rose, when he with manner bland,  
Cried "friend! I've not come to do thee harm,  
I've only come, thy heart with love to warm."  
This said—I sat again; the stranger wan,  
Who, now come up, his history thus began :—  
"Beneath yon sylvan mount there lives retir'd,  
A man misfortune's frown at length inspir'd  
To leave the cares and toils of earth, and seek  
Peace and contentment 'neath a mountain's peak.  
There in a cave he sits from day to day,  
And with devoted zeal seeks out the way  
To worlds on high—a peaceful home—  
Whence sorrow flies and troubles never come.  
His conversations with the world are few  
His obligations to it always new—  
T' endeavour to procure eternal bliss,  
By stimulants to ways of holiness :  
These obligations frankly he fulfils,  
When in epistolary forms—appeals—  
Mankind! and shall we think on things below,  
Or on that world above to which we'd go?  
Spon, ah! very soon our life will end;  
Then let us its few days remaining spend  
In preparation due to meet our God;  
Then go and dwell forever with the Lord."  
Ere this, the hermit held no friendly part  
In the cold caverns of my stony heart :  
And this I told him, and having smil'd,  
In due reply he added, "Yea, my child!  
A hermit's life's condemn'd by not a few;  
Oh! if mankind condemning only knew  
The many cares this hermit's soul did rend,  
Their cloak of charity they would extend  
O'er him, who with a never-ceasing love,  
Endeavours all his precious time t' improve,  
Save the small space in which he takes his food,  
In seeking not his own, but others good :  
And I am he, my friend, of whom I speak—  
The man that dwells 'neath yonder mountain's peak.  
Faith, hope, and love, are graces meet for thee,  
But love's by far the greatest of the three."  
With this he left me pensive on the mound,  
While tears of sorrow trickled to the ground;  
My God, I cried, forgive, ere I remove,  
And fill my heart with all-enduring love.

Boston, May, 1826.

[Original.]

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS A\*\*\*\*

Who died at Hebron, June 10th, 1826.

There was a group of mourners,  
Watching life's "silent flickerings."—  
They mark'd its peaceful end, and saw  
The wave of Death come over beauty's brow.  
"Destruction's form" pass'd o'er thee, but  
Endearing *love*, brightened thy  
Passport to a safe retreat.  
Earth holds the treasure now—  
The beautiful, sleeps sweetly in the  
"Narrow house." It soon shall  
Be restored, when Heaven's bright  
Sun beams rest upon the sepulchre  
Of Death—Not in a mortal form,  
But with a "Cherub's beauty and  
A Seraph's bloom."

## HE HAS NO WIFE.

He has no wife—he's quite alone,  
Unsought, unhappy, and unknown;  
His days pass by, nor pleasure give,  
He *breathes*, methinks, but does not *live*.

He has no wife—he does not know,  
The joys, from wedded life that flow,  
His absence, there is none to mourn,  
No eye looks bright at his return.

He has no wife—his joys are few,  
Though he is rich and healthy too;  
How selfish he, who will not share,  
His wealth with woman, chaste and fair.

He has no wife—no prattler's smile,  
Or lisping tongue his hours beguile,  
His heart no kind attachment knows,  
Regardless both of friends and foes.

He has no wife—and is it meet,  
That man should live to drink and eat;  
For this did the Almighty hand,  
Form man the ruler of the land?

He has no wife—well, be it so—  
His days are number'd here below;  
He soon must go whence none return,  
And then—his *dog* and *cat* will mourn.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken.  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garland's dead,  
And all, but he, departed!  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## MUTUAL HEARTS.

Two mutual hearts are like the rills,  
In solitude when single,  
That wander from the moorland hills  
In river streams to mingle;  
And then along the fertile vale,  
Their banks with blossoms painted,  
They heave their billows to the gale,  
Untroubled and untainted.

Two mutual hearts are like the stars  
That aid each others' shining,  
When gates of day the evening bars,  
And roses are declining;  
And through the long and lonesome night  
That spreads its pall of sadness,  
They mingle their ethereal light,  
To fill the world with gladness.

Two mutual hearts are like the flowers  
That twine themselves together,  
When morning sends the drenching showers,  
Or evening comes to wither;  
And though they fall—as fall they must—  
They will not, cannot sever,  
But sink together in the dust  
Together lie for ever.

## WAYS OF DECEIVING.

Dick, lend me a dollar or so—  
When I borrow'd before, I paid it you know.  
No, no, my dear Tom, I should be much to blame,  
You deceiv'd me before, you may do it again.  
Deceiv'd you, said Tom, I wonder how so,  
I paid you again. Quoth Dick, that I know;  
When I lent you my money, 'twas gone, I believ'd;  
When you paid it again, I was really deceiv'd.  
Should I again lend you cash, I might think you would  
pay,  
And again be deceiv'd, so I'll bid you good day.

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